UKE MASON

Thrilling and Romantic Stor of the Late Civil War.

BY JOHN R. MUSICE OR OF "BROTHER AGAINST EROTHER ELES LARENAN," "WALTER BROWN-FIELD," "HANKER OF BEDFORD," AND OTHER STORIES,

> [Copyrighted, 1999.] CHAPTER XIII.

When Luke found himself a prisoner of the Tennessee brigands he fully expected that his last moment had come. Had his captors been regular Confederates, his life ild have been safe, but he knew that these partisan warriors, no better than brigands, with their primary objects blood and plunder, set all military law at de-fiance, and seldom or never spared a pris-

captive was resigned to his fate er. He had entered the army fully ing the dangers which attended such and taken his chances; now that fate ed the decree against him he ha ed to murmur not.

"Weil, Yank," bawled a great, blustering



his hands tied behind his back, "you've go ter swing, that's all thar is o' it."

He paused, expecting to see his captive out Captain Mason was firm and unmoved his eye meeting his enemy's without quali ing. Finding that he made no answer, the rilia added:

"What d'ye say t' it?"

"Nothing."
"Yer don't, hey?"
"No: I am unable to defend myself."
"Wall, hain't yer again' ter beg!"

Then hang him ter once, boys; string 'in

up, I say,"

Half a dozen started toward the captive Half a dozen started toward the captive as if they world put the threat into execution, when some one evidently high in authority put a stop to the praceedings. Luke did not know why he did so, but realized that his fate was deferred to a future time. The arrival of a country boy with some alarming intelligence threw the guerrillas into confusion, and preparations were made for a hasty departure. Luke was placed upon a horse, and under a strong guard hurried off down the read into a wild, broken country, where the hills were so high that they fooked like mountain peaks, and the forests were so dense as to form a stee hiding-place from the invading army.

stife hiding-place from the invading army.

They halted at an old mill on a creek, and the prisoner was given a breakfast, which, poor as it was, was heartly relished by the half-starved soldier. Luke was the only prisoner, and, as he had seen but two Union soldiers dead, he concluded that the

Union soldiers dead, he concluded that the others had made their escape.

It seemed that the guerrillas were not quite sure of their own safety even here. The officers held whispered consultations, and nodded and gesticulated in an excited

· If they intend to murder me, why don't they do it and have it over with I" said th prisoner, watching their strange maner

The day wore slowly by, night came, and the prisoner grew nervous. He reasoned that these men would choose darkness for their diabolical work. Murderers are usu-

their diabolical work. Murderers are usually too cowardly to perpetrate their beinous crimes in daylight.

At dusk the sound of horses' fect coming down the hill reached the ears of the
captive, who was sitting at a window of
the house that formed his prison, and he
saw a small party of Confederate cavalry
approaching the old mill. The regularity
of their gray uniforms made it ensy to distinguish them from guerrilias.

Lake had little hope of their being able
to release him, for they were outnumbered

to release him, for they were outnumbered by the guerrilias five to one. It might be sible that they would not care to interfere with these partisan freebooters. It was too dark for him to distinguish faces, and when they had dismounted and

dispersed among the buildings about the old mill be forgot all about them.

Others were coming and going, and the subdued buzz of voices constantly reached his ears. His room was dark, as neither lamp nor candle had been lighted, and the guards at the doors and windows looked like silent statues.

Where is half a roles at last select

"Where is he!" a voice at last asked. was something peculiarly familiar i sice; but Luke was unable to tell in it belonged

moment the same strangely-familiar voice was heard speaking to the guard. Some one entered the apartment, and, coming to Luke's side, usked:

"Ar' ye the pris'ner!"

It was too dark for features to be recog

ed at even a foot.

I am," the prisoner answered.
Hain't ye Captain Mason."

Don't ye know me, Captain." the voice

whose before."
"Don't ye remember Dick Sneed, the wounded reb at Fort Donelson, who told ye hout Captain Neff gittin' away!"
"Of course I remember you, but I thought you a badly-wounded prisoner."
"I warn't so bad hurt et I let on. I only did that to git away an! done it, an! I'm did that to git away an! done it, an! I'm.

did that ter git away an' I done it, an' I'm here. I was at the house last night when you'uns charged it." "And you got away."
"Yes, I run ut the first, an' wasn't seen,

except by a cussed nigger who run me thre mile inter a swamp, and shot at me a doze times. I laid fur him an' knocked him

times. I laid fur him an' knocked him down wi' th' butt o' my gun." Luke at once knew that the negro al-luded to was Binckhawk, their mysterious and the second of the labence guide, and this accounted for his absence which had caused their recent disaster.

Did you kill him!" he asked. "Dut know for sartin, but hope I did," the onfederate growled, "fur I never saw a evil so hungry ter kill anybody as he was se. It war so infernal dark that I couldn't whis fee hit I half ballors he ee his face, but I half believe he war some them black devils I use ter wallup when

A few moments' silence ensued, and then *Well, Speed, did you expect to find me

"Yes," the Confederate answered, and lowering his voice a little so that the guard might not overhear him, he added: "Cap-lain Neff sent me ter find ye."

"What! is Captain Neff here?"
"Hush! not so loud 'r it'll be all up with our plans. Ye see these feliers can't be managed like sojers. They're a set o' blamed thiswes 'n murderers, 'n wooldn't miss managed race splead to the transport of the worldn't miss hangin' yer fur any thing. We couldn't begin ter save ye 'nless 'twas done by strational' the worldn't begin ter save ye 'nless 'twas done by strational'. ergy an sarcumvention, ye know." All the

while he was talking in a mere whisper, draining the brandy-flask Sneed had given him to allow him to enter, heard not a word. "We've got it bout fixed up." Sneed continued. "In 'bout an hour a boy'll come fur ye. Don't yer ax him any questions, don't yer speak a word, nor even look around, but foller the boy. Now, d'ye mark what I'm say'n!". "Eyery word!"

"Good bya."

And he was gone. Gone as suddenly and silently as if he had melled away into dark ness. Luke half believed he was still there and put out his hand to feel for him, but his

"Every word."
"Will ye carry 't out!"

hand found only darkness and the empty air. An hour passed and the silence was proken only by the drunkes, mandible mur-muring of the guard at the door. Occasionally he mumbled snatches of a song in a boarse, drunken voice, and Luke, who began at too far.

At last, however, the guard became quiet,

and his heavy breathing told that he had succumbed. Some one came in, and going to his side motioned him to rise. He did so. A small, soft hand, which heat once knew to be the hand of the boy, was placed in his and he was led from the room. In the hall near the doorway he stumbled over some one, and a half-smothered curse came from the drunken guard.

He was warned by a gentle pressure on his hand to be silent and careful. Another person joined them, and the three went softly from the house.

person joined to house.

It was so dark that Luke could no more see than if he had been totally blind. They were going through the mud, and slowly been to their way somewhere. They

making their way somewhere. They crossed a fence and were in the woods. Not a word had yet been spoken, and be-yord an intimation that he was among friends, he knew not whether he was being led to liberty or death. At last they co

o horses.
"Mount this one," said a low, deep, earn-st voice which he recognized as Albert

Neffs
"Albert, is it you?"
"Yes, hush-mount; we have not a moment to lose," was the whispered answer.
There were four of them, and they mounted horses and started on, Albert and Dick in front, himself and the boy bringing up the rear. Their horses were soon climbing a muddy hill. up the rear. Their horses were soon cumu-ing a muddy hill.
"Don't say a word!" said Major Neff, in a

cautious undertone. A few rods further and a voice from the darkness called:

The two reined in their horses.

The two reined in their norses.
"Who goes there!"
"A friend with the countersign."
"Advance and give it."
"As they rode forward Albert whispered:
"Stone River," and they were told to

Reaching the top of the hill they found

the ground a little more level, and put their horses to a gallop, for Luke's rescuers knew that a long ride was before them. Two or three miles away they met a body of guerrillas returning.

"Halt, thar! Who be you'uns an' whar ye gwine!" their loader artist.

gwine!" their leader cried, when they were within a few rods of them. "I am Major Neff, on my way to my com-

"Ye ar! Wall, I tell yer, Major, ye'd bet-ter look a leetle out, kase th' roads ar' swarmin' with Yanks, pourin' by th' millions down on ter Nashville. We've been a runnin' from them till we're a'most tuck-

ered out."

"I must join my command, and we've got fast horses, so I don't think there's much danger of the Yanks catching us. Did you meet any of my men?"

"That is strange. They were to meet me on the Clarisville road. We'll hurry on, for we can't afford to miss them." The friendly cloak of night concealed Captain Mason's uniform from view, and the guerrillas could not see whether it was blue or great.

blue or gray.

A mile further on they came upon a part of

A mile further on they came upon a part of Major Neff's men, a remnant from the attack of the night before, and they all traveled along with the man who had ied the attack against them, until it was nearly daylight, and Albert, sending all the men, save the boy, back out of earshot, turned to the pris-oner and said:

"This boy will go with you to the house, and just beyond it is canned the advance of

and just beyond it is camped the advance of the Union army. Good-bye, Luke!"
"Good-bye, Albert, and may God bless

Their hands met and for a mo you." Their hands met, and for a moment neither moved nor spoke. Then they separated, and, accompanied by the boy, who had been dumb ever since he came into Luke's presence, he rode on.

Just as the early dawn began to crimson the eastern sky the house was reached.

"Here I must leave you!" said his middle.

guide.

Had a bomb exploded Luke would not have been more astounded. That voice he would know among ten thousand. A mo-ment more and his horse was alongside the



MOUNT THIS ONE," SAID A LOW, DEEP VOICE.

other, his arms encircled a slender waist, ked in an undertone.

his kisses fell upon a cheek as soft and "No, though I have certainly heard your fair as Helen's of Troy, while he mur-

"Lillie, Lillie, my darling, have you done this for me

this for me!"
Closer he pressed her to his breast. His lips met hers again and again in rapturous kisses of love. Such heroic conduct he had read of in fiction, but it never occurred to him that it would become a literal trath. She hurriedly explained that herself and brother learning from Dick Sneed, who had just escaped from Fort Donelson, that Carrain Mason, was a prisoner of the event. Captain Muson was a prisoner of the guer-rillas, the three had determined to rescue

mber. Luke, that you shall always

The parting was an affectionate one. The live would have kept her at his side if he could have done so, but she assured him that she had friends and relatives able to care for her, and that her father, lying sick not far away, defhanded her personal attention. The parting farewell was spoken and she was gone.

Slowly and sadly the young Captain rods to the Union camp. His own regiment was in the advance, and they halled him as one returned from the dead. They remained here but a short time and went to Nash ville, where Luke was commissioned Colonel. From here they were a few weeks inter-ordered to Pittsburg Landing, which place ordered to Pittsburg Landing, which place they reached among the very first troops.

CHAPTER XIV.

'RILL ME, MASSA, AND DE SECRET OB YOUR BIRF DIES." After the battle of Fort Donelson Gen eral Grant, the hero of that fight, was fort Doneison of that fight, was eral Grant, the hero of that fight, was temporarily removed from command. The only cause for removing him that has ever been given is that orders sent General musketry filled the air.

Grant were never received, and of course [To un cox

he could not obey thom, but took matters is eadily come to the conclusion that well for the cause of the Union that wen for the cause of the Union that Gen-eral Grant never received those orders, for if he had, instead of pushing on and seizing Nashrille and even Donelson, he would have had to lay at Fort Henry. West Point has made some good military men among the thousands turned out from that institution; but General Grant's common that but General Grant's common sense was o more value to his country than all his early

On the 17th of March, 1802, Grant was re ored to command, and found the Union my in his district divided, one part being the east side of the Tennessee at Savan-th, while one part was at Crump's Land-

further up the river.

The loss of Forts Henry, Donelson and The loss of Forts Henry, Doneison and Nashville had greatly demoralized the Confederates, and to once more bring the army into something like marching orders. General Sidney Johnston, one of the most efficient commanders in the Southern army, began concentrating all the available forces at Corinth. The wisdom of this action must be acknowledged by all military men. Johnston had learned the kind of a man Grant was. Corinth was the junction of two of the most important railroads in the Mississippi valley—one connecting Memphis, and the other the Mississippi river with the East, and the other leading to all the cotton States of the South. Still another railroad connected Corinth with Jackson, in West Tennessee.

Grant at once saw that if he obtained pos-Grant at once saw that it he obtained pos-session of Corinth the enemy would have no railroad for the transportation of armies or supplies, until that running east from Vicksburg was reached. In fact, it was the great strategic position at the West be-tween the Tennessee and the Mississippi rivers, and between Nashville and Vicks-burg.

urg. General Grant at once put all the troops at Savannah in motion for Pittsburg Land-ing. It was his intention to march from this position on Corinth as soon as Buell with his army from the Ohio should arrive, and the west bank of the river was to be the tarting point.
Colonel Mason was thrown well to the

front in the brigade of the brave old Gen-eral B. M. Prentiss. Luke's regiment was eral B. M. Prentiss. Luke's regiment was filled with recruits which were almost hourly pouring into camp. Many of the new soldiers were young men fresh from the farms, counting-houses, shops and stores, who had never yet smelt powder, but who were destined ere long to learn something of the terrible realities of war.

Arkansaw Tom, Corporal Max, Ned Cotton and Bull Snow, who were still with the regiment, had become a sort of self-fine.

ton and Bill Snow, who were still with the regiment, had become a sort of self-imposed body-guard for the new Colonel. Though not on his staff, they were always near at hand in hours of danger.

The Colonel came to love these four veterans like brothers, and even though Max did grumble he knew he could be relied on when hard fighting was required.

hen hard fighting was required.
"Wall, Kernel, don't ver think we're rwine ter bev a fight purty soon?" aske Arkansaw Tom one morning, strolling int

his Colonel's tent. his Colone?'s tent.

"I don't know, Tom; sit down on that
tracker box. Well, about the fight—I
shouldn't wonder. General Johnston is
massing his forces at Corinth, and I beleve General Grant intends to move on that place. There will be powder burned when those two meet."

"Shouldn't be s'prised, Kernel. I've been

tellin' uv th' boys ter git ready fur the goi darnest knock down they ever heerd on." "We will have heavy fighting soon, but when it will take place, and where, I don't

"But, I say, Kernel, I come in t' tell ye "What, Tom?"

"Don't yer remember that air dod blast ed nigger wot yer call Black Jack ur suth-in' o' the kind, who went on ther boat t' Belmont, an' we thort war killed 'n th' swamp clus t' Doneison!"

"Yes, you mean Blackhawk."
"Wall, he's turned up agin." "Where is be!"
"In camp. It's a God's fact. Saw 'im
this mornin'," said old Tom, smoking his "Where!"

"In camp. Came past our quarters "Did you speak with him?" the Colonel ked.
"Yes; axed him whar he'd been, an'

"Yes; axed him whar he'd been, an' he said he'd been layin' 'n th' brush ter shoot a cusa as he hates. He's been clar out ter Corinth, but ham't got his man yit. Gelly, ye orter see his gun; it's a great, big, long-barreled ole-fashioned rifle. Very thing ter kill a buck."

"He ought to know something about what the robels are doing. I wish you what the robels are doing. I wish you

ould find him, Tom, and send him to me."
"I'll do it, Kernel. I'll go right now 'r

next morning and go out several miles in them, and in which the great triumph their advance to reconnoiter, as it was reported that the enemy had been seen in was accomplished.—Chicago Journal. considerable force along the Corinth road Almost ever since his arrival at Pitts burg Landing Colonel Mason had heard out skirmishing in their front, and his own

skirmishing in their front, and his own skirmishing in their front, and his own sakets had been fired on several times. "It is probably some guerrillas," said the Colonel to himself. "They are prowing through the country, and the we full of them. A few companies of cavalry can easily put them to flight.

Of course the four men who had been his self-constituted body-guard formed a part of the two hundred picked men, and with self-constituted body-guard formed a part of the two hundred picked men, and with three day's rations and forty rounds, they set out at daylight next morning. As they were passing one of the outlying picket posts a sergeant hailed them and said: "Ye'd better look a little out." "Have you seen any thing of the enemy this morning?" the Colonel asked.

"No; but they've been a shootin' at us boys all night and wounded Jack Gates."

"How many times were you fired on!"
"Three. The last time they gave us "They are only a few bushwhackers; we will drive them from the woods," said the

Colonel.
With three or four exceptions Luke's en-The country was undulating and covered of the world."

with a dense growth of trees and under-brush, except where clearings had been made and fields cultivated.

The Colonel and his staff were the only mounted men in the expedition. The re-cent rains had made the roads muddy, and marching was difficult and wearisome.

They had gone about five or six miles when the advance guard informed the Colonel that they were in sight of a farm-house, near which a number of horses were

He divided his command into two di-with the Irish statesmen who are

Luce gianced at the say to see what the bour was, but it was too cloudy for him to determine by the sun, and, consulting his watch, he discovered it was after twelve. "They are at dinner," he thought, "we'll bag our game and learn something from The Colonel was not yet in sight of the

nouse, which was concealed by the thick woods and underbrush, when a single shot ang on the air.

A moment's silence ensued and then a dozen more reports followed in quick suc-cession. The yells of combatants, snorting of terror-stricken horses and sharp crack of TO BE CONTINUED.

SIMON CAMERON'S DEATH. he Lesson Taught by a Long and Useful

As the funeral rites are being per-Simon Cameron it will not be uninperiod covered by the busy years of his life. He was of the race of statesnen whose active careers began not efore the war era simply, but before the era of agitation, of excitement and of tumult in which the emancipation novement was engendered. He was a public life when slavery existed unchailenged over half the Union, when ductive interest of the country, when it ruled in society, in the Sta the church, when it controlled politics and legislation. Sixty years ago the owners of three million slaves made and unmade parties; they nominated the candidates of all parties; heir influence in politics extended to the remotest districts where Congressmen were elected: church members mobbed reformers who preached the abolition of slavery; and slave-holders held the throttle-valve by which every movement of National progress was regulated. The youth and early manhood of Simon Cameron were contemporary with the dark ages of American progress and civilization. He lived the Government assailed by slavery and treason in arms, to note the tragic events of the greatest civil war in history, to join in the triumph of loyalty and union and to see enfran chised the race which had given to slavery its malign power in every relation that the Government, that com merce and industry bore to the people saw the fullness of the salvation that had been prepared for his country, and died with the era of its great est progress, prosperity and glory re-vealed to his fading eyesight that yet gleamed with the light of the prophe-sies in which its youth had been buthed and illuminated

There is something romantic and picturesque in the scene which closes the life of an American statesman ninet; years old. His birth was coeval with the infancy of the Repub-During the earlier years of his the name of Washington was voiced hourly in his ears: the illustri-ous Father of his Country was yet in imagination, at least, almost a living ence among his countrymen. The man ninety years old was contemporary in his youth with John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe in their mature or advanced age. Simon Cameron was a mature Jackson Democrat while Jackson was President. He saw the birth and death of the Whig party. He saw the Abolition party, the Liberty party, the Free Soil party and the other parties of freedom out of which the Republican party of the war and of to-day was evolved. Contemporaries of his middle life were William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner, Hora: Greeley, Thad Stevens, William H. Seward, Stephen A. Douglas, Abra ham Lincoln, Henry Wilson and oth ers of the great leaders of emanci-pation and loyalty. Thad Stevens alone of this great class of statesmen was Mr. Cameron's senior. Had Stevens lived till now he would have een 96 years old. Had Garrison lived till now he would have been 85; Sum-ner would have been 78; Greeley would have been 78; Seward would have been 88, two years younger than Cameron; Douglas would have been 76; Wilson would have been 77; Abra-

men only when we consider the age which they would have reached had they lived to the present time. What the Republican party needs t learn when it reviews the records of its tatesmen, its heroes and its martyrs, is to ask for a new revelation of th "I'll do it, Kernel. I'll go right now'n hunt 'im up," and old Tom rose to his feet and started from the tent to find the mysterious negro; but Blackhawk, as usual, could not be found when sought, and Tom had a fruitless search.

That evening General Prentiss ordered Colonel Mason to take two hundred men port morning and so out saveral when the career outlined by in the part of the career outlined by its foundary in the fact and started from the tent to find the mysterious negro; but Blackhawk, as usual, could not be found when sought, and Tom the fact and t spirit by which they were animated

ham Lincoln would have been 80. We

can grasp the sections of American

life that are marked by its greates

THE OHIO CONVENTION. An Enthusiastic Gathering of Patriot

The resolutions adopted by the conention of Ohio Republicans are a resounding of the bugle notes which called the party to victory in the Presidential campaign of 1888. Nothing which the Chicago platform affirm was rejected or neglected by the Re-publicans assembled at Columbus. "We renew," they say, "our adher-ence to all the principles so clearly and strongly enunciated by the Re publican National convention of 1888, and especially to the principle of pro tection in its two-fold operation; protection to every American citizen at nome, in all parts of the country; pro tection to every American citizen abroad, in every land, on every sea protection in the exercise of all his political rights and privileges; and

tire two hundred were veterans who had protection to American industry and been trained in the hottest fights at Bei- labor against the industry and labor We believe that the Chicago platform long will endure as a most concise and emphatic declaration of the are sure that its spirit will pervade the National platform of 1892. we rejoice in the unanimity wherewith the Republicans of the great State of Ohio have reaffirmed their allegiance to it and their admiration of it. It They are bushwhackers. Now to capt was right and proper that the Ohio Republicans should express sympathy visions, and approaching the house from the south and east prepared to flank it so as to prevent any one from escaping.

Luke glanced at the sky to see what the has b who strive to enlarge the measure of "freedom in the bounds of law." Bu if there be a passage in the resoluquestionable policy it is expressed in these words: "We indorse the course of President Harrison on the selection for honorable positions in the diplo matic service of worthy and represent-ative Irish-American citizens." It so happens that the only diplomatic ap pointment made by the President which (Dem).

is not universally satisfactory is that of a person of Irish extraction cause of his extraction, which with true Republicans is a matter of no consideration, but be of his supposed association with a seor its supposed association with a se-cret society plotting and working in foreign politics upon American soil. There many valuable public servants of Irish, Germanic, Swedish and other foreign extractions, but their value as public servants depends upon the their devotion to American ideas. They are not Swedish-Americans or Germanic Americans or Irish-Americans, but Americans pure and simple, first, last and all the time. This made sole, final and ultimate in all appointments. The question should not be what was the man, but what is the man. Is he American? It doesn't matter where he or his sire was born. Is he American and nothing else than American? If of foreign birth, has he cast off all allegiance to either law-

ful or revolutionary powers exercising influence in foreign politics? The Ohio platform is soundly patriotic in its pension resolution, and justly grateful in those resolutions which give honor to Senator Sherman and Governor Foraker, and its hearty and affectionate indorsement of the admin-istration of President Harrison will be approved wherever it is read.-Chicago Inter Ocean.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Arthur S. Thomas, the new Governor of Utah, was once a tele-graph messenger boy. This proves that the messenger boy occasionally "gets there."—N. Y. Tribuna.

The ill-bred allusions to grandchild of the President and the resident's family continues. Is there any one low enough to condone such vulgarity?—Albany (N. Y.) Journal. Hon. Calvin S. Brice is buying

residences and making commence-ment addresses in Ohio with an industry that indicates that he regards limself as a possible successor to Senator Payne. - Pittsburgh Dispatch. A political co-partnership, with ex-Secretary Whitney, the son-in-law of Henry B. Payne, and Cal. Brice,

the rainbow-chaser, as the high contracting parties, seems to be one of the latest developments in Ohio and National politics. Brice wants to go to the Senate, and Whitney to be the Democratic candidate for President in 1892 - Toledo Blade. Mr. Cleveland has had his day and it will not be possible for him to

1892. There is an evident effort to keep him prominently before the public in order that he may be available for renomination, but it will not For apparent reasons Mr. work. lead the Democratic hosts.-Birmingham (Ala.) Age (Dem.).
Counting Clayton out,"

the Arkansas Gazette, "there is no Republican party in Arkansas." Just so. "Counting out" is the reason there is no Republican party in several other Southern States besides Arkansas. In that State, however, they not only count out Republicans but sho them out. Perhaps the Gazette will remember that they shot one Clayton out after he had been elected.-Chicago Tribune.

For It grinds the Democracy to admit that Mr. Blaine is a successful diplomat, and the Democratic press attempts to deprive him of the credit due him for his conduct of the Samoan controversy by declaring that he simd out Mr. Bayard's view and intentions. Mr. Bayard may have held some excellent views and may have had some praiseworthy inten tions, but he never got any further .-

Kansas City Journal. Rev. Sam Jones is never afraid to talk out loud. The other day he said to some Jackson_(Miss.) white Christians: "I am a Southern man, born in the South, love the South and expect to go to Heaven from the South; yet, I say to you, my friends, dressing the Grand Army of the Refrom toothache or neuralgia? but a tion returns they know to be false they are getting on dangerous ground. In the land. I will not try to catalogue There are more ways to kill a dog than to choke him on fat."-Chieng Inter Ocean.

Mrs. Haves was one of the long line of White House women who have for the most part won the affection and respect of the American people by their womanly attributes as wives. others, daughters or sisters; by their refinement, womanly nobility of haracter, their tact and their amiability. Although her conscientious opposition to the use of liquor, even on cial occasions, was the subject of culed her failed to be impressed by her sterling character, her kindness, her affability and domestic virtues -Detroit Journal.

Democratic Estimate of Cleveland. The New York Democrats have tried

Cleveland and do not want to have any more of him. They did not want him in 1884, but the masterly generalship of Daniel Manning, with Mr. Tilden's most reluctant and final consent that his great prestige might be used, availed at last to make Cleveland the candidate of the party; and terribly was Daniel Manning punished for his act. Since then Cleveland may have gained in the estimation of political cranks, aristocrats, addlepates and adventurers; but for the Democratic cause his administration did little but mischief; and the Democracy would now be stronger, more united more aggressive if that administration had never been. His empty pretensions, his superficial and narrow abilities, his vast ignorance, his perpetual cant, his almost inconceivable self-conceit and selfishness, and hiutter lack of any political principle can never recommend him to the Denotorious free-trade message he was re in earnest than be.-N. Y. Sun THE NEW YORK CENTENNIAL

The Part Performed By Woman on Recent Calebration of the One

At the reception given Mrs. Olive Logan Sykes by the National Press Association at Washington, D. C., recently, that lady spoke as follows:

"Judging from numerous protests and petitions sent to the committee before the New York Centennial, and from the indignant disapproval expressed by women all over the country since, one unacquainted with the facts would think that women had been entirely overlooked and ignored in all arrangements pertaining to this great celebration. In fact, such a person would find himself considerably in doubt as to whether George Washington ever er. And yet woman had a wife or moth did fill an important place in the great entertainment, and furnished a part of the programme. I see questioning

"Did any of the grand and noble women of our country find a place among the speakers upon that occasion?

I grant you, nay. "Were our worthy foremothers, or their equally worthy daughters, accorded 'honorable mention?' Again I

answer, nay. "Did women with silvery voices furnish vocal or, with deft fingers, instrumental music during any part of the programme? No.

"And yet woman contributed three essential factors to the success of the New York Centennial, without which it would have been a thing unheard of and a name unsung. For woman contributed:

"1. The man they celebrated.

*2. The men to celebrate him.
*3. Her share of the money raised by taxation to carry out this great

"What would the New York Center nial have been without men and money? And of these important factors, woman contributed all of the former and her

"Since the Centennial the New York papers ask in innocent astonishment: 'Did the dear women want to march?" Well, suppose they did? Have not the dear men set us the example by marching, in season and out of season, upon every possible pretext and on every possible occasion? Judging from anpearances, man is never so supremely to women. In women are the heart happy as when he marches—with a and conscience of the Republic uniform, helmet and gun, if he can get Whether they exercise their right or them; but with a tin trumpet and a two-penny flag if he can not. He will provoke thought on all public quesstand in the rain for hours waiting for receive the Democratic nomination in a chance, but march he must and march

he will. "If women followed the Scriptural injunction, and meekly asked their husbands at home' if they found it ex-Cleveland can not again be chosen to their ambition to march, the men surely would have to answer, 'Yes,' or their

tions would belie their words. 'In the light of recent developments it certainly must have been a "lapsus lingure" upon the part of man that heretofore America has been known as Ar-temus Ward would have said, as of the 'female persuasion,' 'She' has been the country we have delighted to honor, and to 'her' our loyalty has been pledged. Now all this is changed. The New York Centennial did many wonderful things, but none more wonder ful than the changing of the sex of this

beloved child of our hearts. "A leading newspaper starts a culo gistic article with the following words: 'America has done himself proud in the recent New York Centennial; it was one of the finest he has ever known.' It certainly does seem hard, after America has worn petticoats a hundred years, to make her change her costume now! But if the great 'Four Hundred' so decree, I suppose poor little Amer-ica must submit."

WOMEN IN THE WAR. Without Them the Union Would Have

At a recent gathering in Florence, public said-

"There are innumerable evils abroad them; I will not dogmatize about them; but in the civil war men and women worked together. Shall they not work together still? Women could follow bayonets, enduring privations and hardships to free the land from rebellion and slavery. Shall they not become an integral part of an army with ballots to free the land from the rebellion of selfthe dram-shop and the brothel? the conscience of work? were weak and I was strong, I tolled you, I ask your aid. I ask the ballot

I pray you stand by me and mine. Gentlemen, there are Clara Bartons all over this fair land, asking the opportunity to unite with us in discharging duties which we alone have not always well performed. Without without their fortitude, without their care and sympathy and love, the army of the republic in war had never marched to victory. Without their God-speed, without their fortitude, without their care and sympathy and love, the army of the republic never will, in peace, march to victory. Hand in hand, heart responding to heart-we want the whole of humanity to do humanity's work."

THE Boston Globe makes the following characteristic comment on the deocrats of New York. Even intelligent feat of the women's license suffrage free-traders will not have him, for bill: "Women can't vote this year on they know that immediately after his the question of granting liquor licenses. So says the Great and General Court. ready and anxious to take it back, and Well, well, the women may not get this was only prevented from doing this crust, but they will get the whole loaf by the active interposition of men one of these days. They are beginning to want it, and what they want they have a way of getting.

GOOD WORDS FOR W. MEN

Ir I had been created a women instead of a man, I should have to be told, on going to the polls, that I was on a par with State prison birds and idiots; and I believe in doing unto others as I would that others should unto me.—Geo. R. Scott.

A GOOD man said the other day.
Oh! keep out of politics. Women have no business in politica." Sure enough! But how can they, when some woman's husband is there every blessed minute, and if married are one, how are you going to eith ate the women?—Woman's News.

THE New England Woman Suffrage Association, having reached the age of twenty-one, is no longer in the minority period, and is entitled to the bal-lot and full rights of citizenship generally. The shingle of conservatism still refuses to go over the dam, but the inevitable is near at hand. Globe.

BISHOP SPALDING, in the Forum, has no idea that "our social life" is imper-iled by polygamy, for the reason that 'no man who has regard for his peace or comfort would think of having two wives in a country in which woman has become so intelligent and independent that the only sure way of living with even one is to be humble and of dient.

THE Law Department of New York University, at its late commencement, graduated at least one young man, who had the courage of his opinion on the question of equal rights for women. Frederick Henry Paulman took for his graduating address the sermon: "Ought Women to Desire to Vote?" He supported the affirmative. All honor

THOSE Americans who oppose the equal suffrage of women, must show that it is just and wise to tax part of the population without giving them representation, and that governments may justly exist without the consent of the governed. They must also show that it is reasonable to permit the most ignorant and drunken men to vote, and to forbid the most intelligent and superior women. - George William Cur-

In an address on the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration as President, before the Single Tax Club, of Benton, Mo., Dr. H. S. Chase, of St. Louis saids "The ballot must be given not, the ballot in women's hands will tions of comfort and happiness, and their influence will be felt in all efforts to sweep away social wrongs."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S remark that woman suffrage is sure to come-we all recognize that," expresses the attihilarating, and if it was the height of tude of most of the really intelligent public men of the country, and the tone of intelligent public sentiment The long years o toil by woman's rights workers amid storms of ridicule. abuse and slander, have scattered the formerly solid, dogged, violent opposition. To-day the public sentiment does not demand the abelition of woman's disfranchisement, but it is

ready to accept it. WOMAN is a fact, and polities and reforms are facts, and facts are related. When woman walks up the broad avenue of civilization with politics and her husband, the man will be more careful in his actions. I would like to see the molding hand of woman in our State politics. I want to get some of woman's influence, which forms and reforms man, into politics which deforms man. Great Britain is a thousand times better off under Victoria than it will be under her son. I would throw wide open the double-barred doors to man and woman alike.—Rev. O. P. Gifford.

Dr. Shhady, editor of the Medical Record, and one of the physicians who attended General Grant in his last illness, is reported as saying in a recent interview: "Women are almost always interview: pluckier than men. They endure pain much better. Have you ever observed mur. All other things being equal, a woman will face death with more ness and fortitude than a man, which may be partly accounted fact that the instinct for life is stronger in a man, and his habits and surroun close upon the heels of an army with ings have trained him not to give in so easily."

The Vote is Power.

The great cry of men, says a writer on woman suffrage, is that women do ishness and passion and the slavery of not want to vote. We must make the the dram-shop and the brothel? Shall women see that they are not free. But women see that they are not free. we not recognize the magnitude of the how? is the problem. By convincing tasks before us, and summon not a the men. No one denies that the man fractional part, but all the brain power. is usually, at present, the domi...ant and all the heart power, and all mind in the family, because he holds humanity, to the purse strings and can vote. That Clara Barton - and vote is power, and that power holds who, if not she, fittingly represents the woman's part in the war? be dependent in these respects and Clara Barton, appealing to the soldiers truly independent in others. The of the United States, said: When you mother must ask for the money even to clothe the little stranger whom she exfor you. Now, you are strong and I pects, and into that little wardrobe are sewed thoughts of dependence and servitude. So it is with every thought or myself and my sex. As I stood by you, of her life. Unaware of the fact, as she often is, she must look to a mar where she should look only to God and her own nature for what she needs.

Women As Deacons.

The synod of the reformed Presbyterian Church, which met in Alle-gheny City, Pa., recently, had an ineresting and thorough discussion over the question whether women are eligible to election as deacons. The question was brought up by the election of that office in one of the congregations of Pittsburgh Presbytery. In the discussion, the most venerable and scholarly minds were found to be decidedly in the affirmative. The synod, by a vote of ninety-three to twenty-four, decided that "the election of women to the office of dencon is in harmony with the Word of God and the constitution of the apostolic

-The naval gun plant at Washington is growing so nicely that it will soon begin to put out a few spring shoots.—Baltimore American.